

New Bedford 11<sup>th</sup> mo 14<sup>th</sup> 1852

Dear Deborah,

So much time has elapsed since I received your last letter that I am somewhat in the condition of the "Skolasticos," who was ashamed to see the Doctor because he had not seen him for so long - truly am I ashamed of myself for this great neglect - I remember there were many inquiries in your letter but Frank & Horry in their eagerness to get the postage stamps have shuffled it in among a pack of other letters and so far the present it is gone. You compliment me too much in speaking of my letters - "you do me proud" as the man said - If there are any remarkable "fin des parts" in my letters - the Eureka Mills should have the credit - where they are all ground out between the upper & the nether grindstone - amid the noise of the machinery & the puffing of the Steam Engine - You know it is said "one cannot think in a mill" & I have found it so long ago but as the great thoughts of the Author are being ground out in Gods Mill, though slowly, perhaps these confused and scattering ideas of mine are assuming a definite shape as they go through the Hopper and if they are acceptable to you, I must of course be & let a friend. In answer to your question "what do you think of dance" <sup>as sus</sup>

He belongs to the Seward Party - logic has dimmed his moral vision - but whether he has the "Nigger on the Brain" farther the deponent sayeth not. His is the "laissez faire" the true serving policy - <sup>but</sup> his speech at Worcester helped greatly in waking up the wry passenger. I have been studying Mathematics lately and have at last solved the Problem, which now seems to me an axiomatic self evident truth - a good anecdote will at least partly illustrate it. The late Timothy Coffman used to tell the Story very - as nearly as I remember it. A teacher gave the following question to one of his scholars, a great Mathematician - Supposing a frog is twenty feet deep in a well & in trying to get out, falls back three feet every time he jumps up two upwards - how long would it take him to get out. The boy immediately went to work and figured all right & over nearly all the States in the School the next morning the teacher asked him how he was getting along - what were the chances of the frog getting out - why says the boy, not at all discouraged with his work - why says he the chances are good - I am getting along first rate - I have figured and put him half through Hell, and shall soon get him through - Now my case in some respects has been somewhat similar to the frog - For years as you well know I have not voted from

consciousnesses Scruples - like the drunken man when the Rev Sylvester Holmes found early one morning on his Church doorsteps, and asked "what are you doing there, what are you think<sup>ing</sup> of why to tell you the truth Mr Holmes, I have been thinking of joining your Church but the more I think of it - the sick (hiccup) sick'er ev-I grow" So the more I thought of voting, the more I felt I ought not to, and thus I advanced in a retrograde motion, going backward like a Ropemakers spinning Jam-tile I finally reached the bottom of the well where the Truth really was and thereby solve'd the Problem not exactly by the Rules of Calculus, though Davici did apply that Rule when he killed Goliath with a Stone & a Gun (Guns being unknown in those days) but by the Mathematical Principle, that the Greater includes the less - in other words, that Freedom includes every thing that pertains to Mans Happiness, and as there was a Political Party in this State pledged to do away with Slavery, and as our friend Sumner was so unscrupulously assailed as well as Eliot - I felt it my duty to do all I could for the cause of Freedom and help this Political Machine along, I voted the whole Republican ticket, and was thankful,

I could do so. There was so much rejoicing among  
my friends, that I began to think they would bring out  
the Father Calf. How proudly the Old State of  
Massachusetts floats on these troubled waters. "She has  
sustained the honor so justly, aware even her re-  
mises part." Truly can I say with Pervious "Hail to  
the Land wherein we trace, our fonder boast & we  
Yes the Old Bay State is the Beacon light - the sea ve-  
tured Mariner looks to her for Hope - the great as  
Charts & Maps of God, which Garrison, Phillips &  
Parker & others have unfolded have been carefully  
examined & studied by Andrews, Sumner, Eliot &c  
et id genus omne, and found to be the only  
true and unerring guides to sail across to  
this stormy sea. In the language of Webster  
"Where American Liberty raised its first voice  
where its youth was nurtured & sustained, there it  
still stands in the strength of its manhood &  
and full of its original spirit." The March of  
the Anglo Saxon - this combination of Religion & Intellect  
is not only onward to Riches, but onward to  
Freedom. McClellan is removed the Window is open  
and the clear light & pure air already invigorates us.  
May Burnside be as "loyal to humanity, and the instinct  
of our common nature" & "disloyal to the Southern Pulpit  
& the Prejudice of Race, as when he unfurled the Black  
Stars & Stripes in sight of Roanoke, and took for his  
that little canoe, the black man for his Pilot."

Daniel wrote the enclosed piece <sup>before Election - he voted also -</sup>  
Nov 4, 62  
Fanny, the Children & Ruth are all well. Ruth  
will spend part of her vacation with Anna  
Mina Bent. I hope she may meet you in Boston  
she leaves here a week from Tuesday next  
remains <sup>the</sup> rest of the week. Poor Sarah Ann  
has failed very much lately - She grows weaker  
& weaker the nearest of a living skeleton as I  
ever saw - it does not seem to me that she can  
last much longer - She sits up part of the day,  
what keeps body & soul together is more than I can  
imagine - She enjoys life notwithstanding. Mary  
Briggs came this morning to make a short visit.  
Brother Daniel's family are well. Arthur was  
at New Orleans last account still in the same  
ship the Nightingale which was going to be refitted  
& heavier manne with large guns & sent on a  
cruise the prospect of which was delightful  
to Arthur, as his life has been so monotonous  
the last year vibrating between Key West & New Orleans  
only - Capt. Thos R Rodman returned home last  
Sunday on a furlough of twenty days - Ever since  
he left Lynnfield he has been more or less sick  
first with a dysentery, and as soon as he  
recovered from this, a Bilious fever set in -  
He left the Camp & was at the Entail House  
Baltimore for two weeks or more Edmund & his  
wife were sent for & remained there till they  
returned with him - I have seen him twice

Spent last evening with <sup>him</sup> he rides out & walked  
out in the yard yesterday - but is very weak -  
if you remember he had a severe fit of typhus  
fever when he lived in Pennsylvania which  
undermined his constitution - it don't seem to  
me that he has <sup>not</sup> physical stamina to be a soldier  
he says he is going back - I doubt it ~~This~~ Regiment  
38<sup>th</sup> Col Ingraham is going to Hatter Head - I asked  
him if he couldn't serve his country more by  
staying at Home - this I think is the opinion  
of his friends - He is very patriotic & earnest &  
it will be hard for him to resign - Did you re-  
ceive a paper containing a letter from Genl Forte  
it was written long - wasn't it excellent - The  
Brave Italian, Col Maggi is at Warrenton with  
the Mass 33<sup>d</sup> Ready for action any moment - I never  
saw a man so imbued with the spirit of Liberty  
as Maggi - he has the principles of Maggi &  
the military qualifications of Garibaldi combined  
should his life be spared, he will probably be invited  
Conway lectured before the Lyceum on Tuesday  
evening last - the same lecture he gave before the  
Fraternity Course - it was grand and electric -  
and universally liked - when he alluded to them  
there was great applause - I want to see you much  
shall you make us a visit this Fall or Winter - it is getting  
near dinner time & I must say with love to all  
Good bye -

To Deborah Weston Remond

Yrs truly  
Joseph Ricketson